



Why her?



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Chapter 1 by Rebecca

"Why me?" Marion asked me with wonder in her eyes, as if I was the wisest person she had ever met. We were walking through an orchard, filled with rows and rows of walnut trees. She gripped my hand tightly, our fingers twisted together. Was she afraid that I was going to run away?

"What do you mean?" She looked up at me and I looked down at her. I had heard the words too many times before from adults who think they know me: sixteen is too young, we should be focusing on school.

"I mean, why choose me? Why do you like me when there are popular girls with money and beauty that would say yes to you in a heartbeat if you asked them out? So why me?" She looked down at her red Vans with her big brown eyes. Why her? Suddenly I couldn't think. Why have I chosen her? Maybe it was the beauty that she hides behind her thick, black eyeliner, glasses, and all of the unnecessary make-up. Maybe it was the sarcastic and humble attitude she had. Maybe it was her curiosity. So why her?

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